TERROR TALES OF VHS MADNESS!

TWISTED VIDEO

NO. 2

40¢

CRANKHEAD 2

BY SHUVAM KUNDU

APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE CODE AUTHORITY

TERROR ON REWIND!

HE'S BACK AND MORE INSANE THAN EVER!

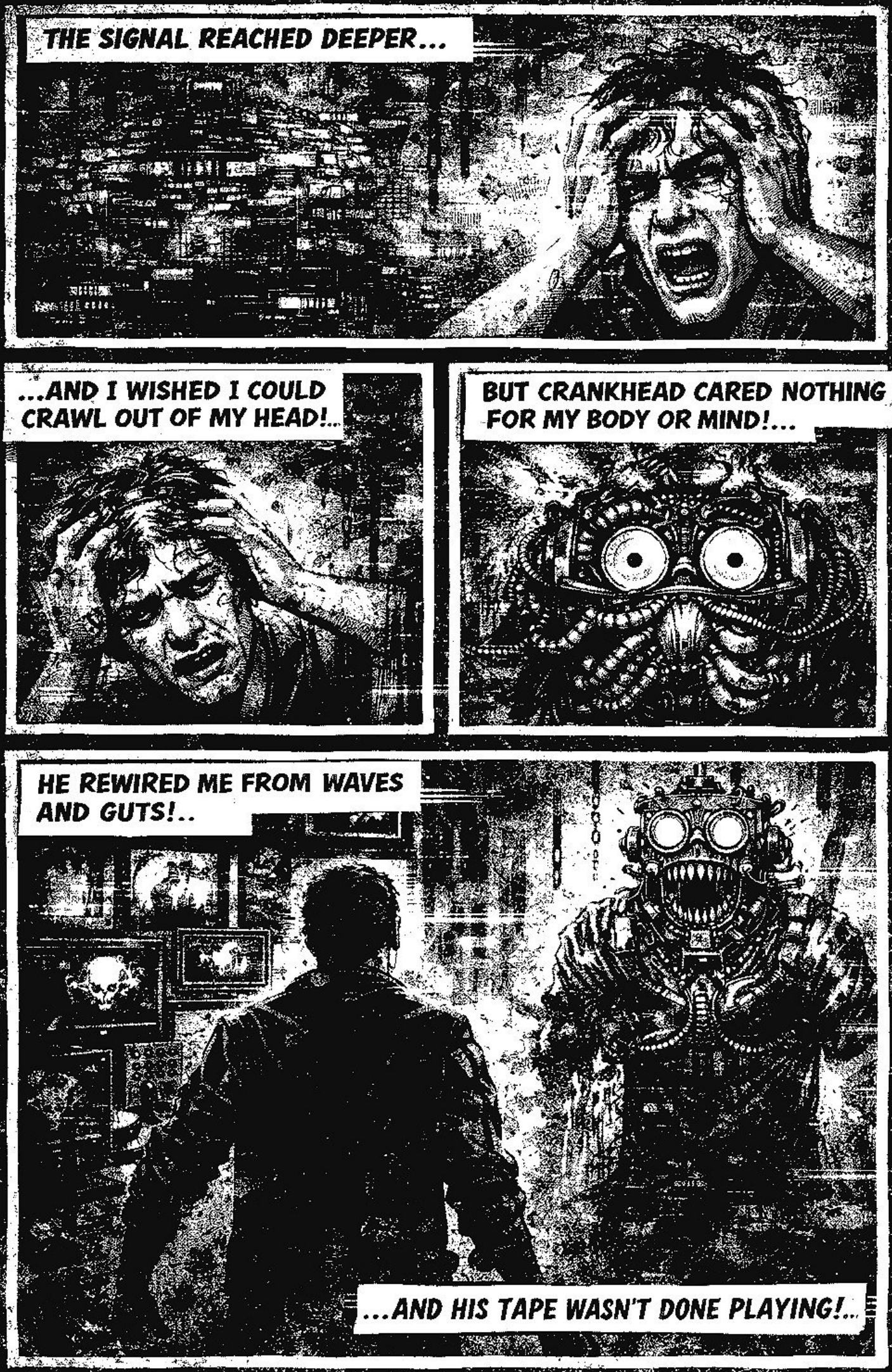
CAN ANYONE SURVIVE HIS NIGHTMARE TAPE OF HORROR?

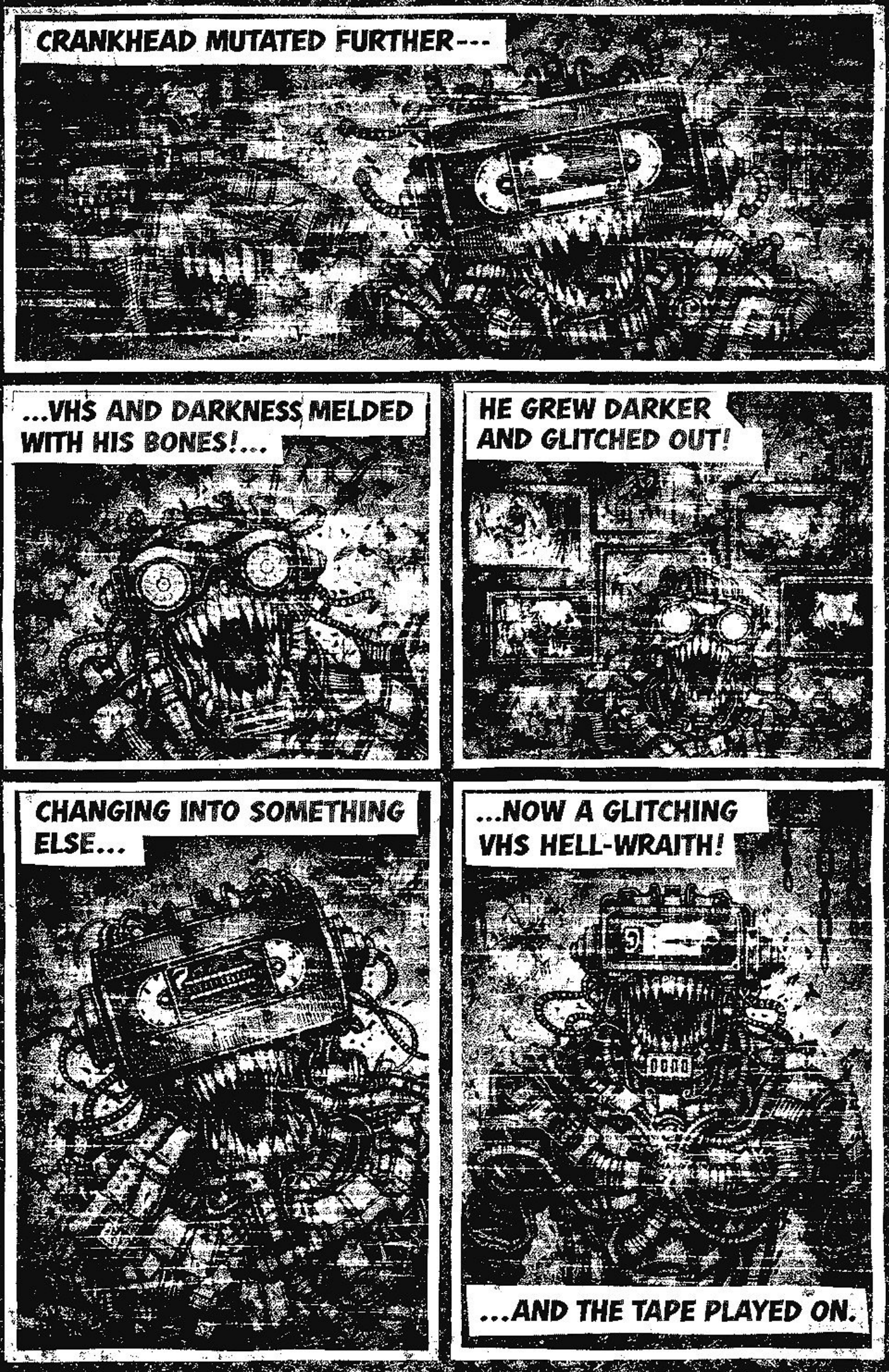
HE PULLED ME INTO STATIC AND DARKNESS!...
TAPE BLED FROM MY MOUTH AND EYES!...
...MY BODY TWISTED AS THE SIGNAL CORRUPTED ME!...
I FELT HIS WIRES DIG IN! HIS MACHINES ROOTING DEEPER!...
...UNTIL I PLAYED IMPORTANT PARTS IN HIS SYSTEM!...
...AND THE TAPE PLAYED ON.

The signal spread further.
We lost our shapes.
We fell into the ghost in the frequencies.
Fragments of CRANKHEAD wore us.
We rewound inside our own frames.
We play back now.

THE TAPE BEGUN TO PLAY...
CRANKHEAD
...AND MY NIGHTMARE RESUMED FOR A SECOND TIME!...
AND SUDDENLY, HE WAS COMING FOR ME!
CRASH
AAIIEEEEE!!!
YOU'RE NEXT!
NOW SCREAM. FOR ME!

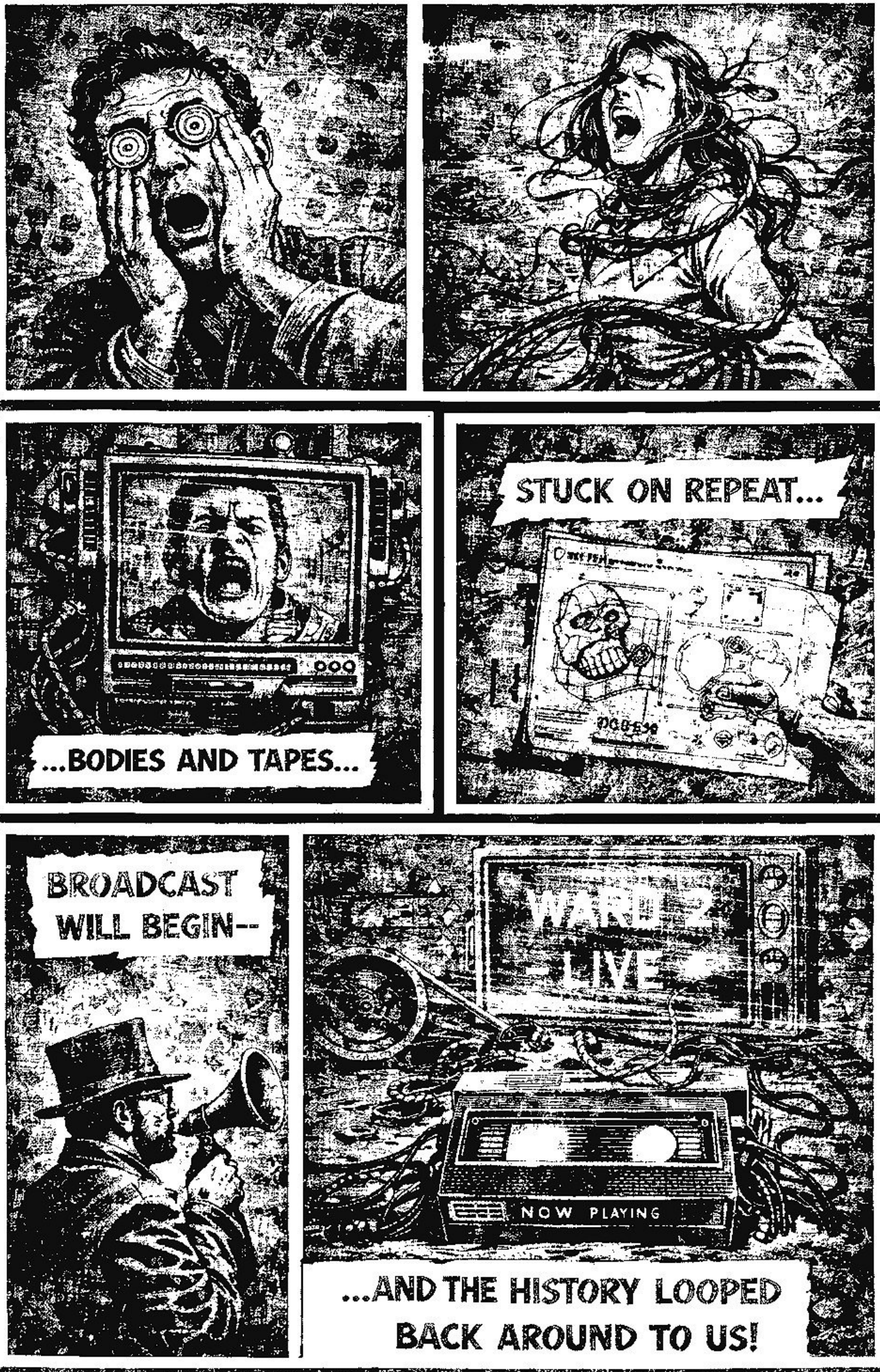
BOMB!

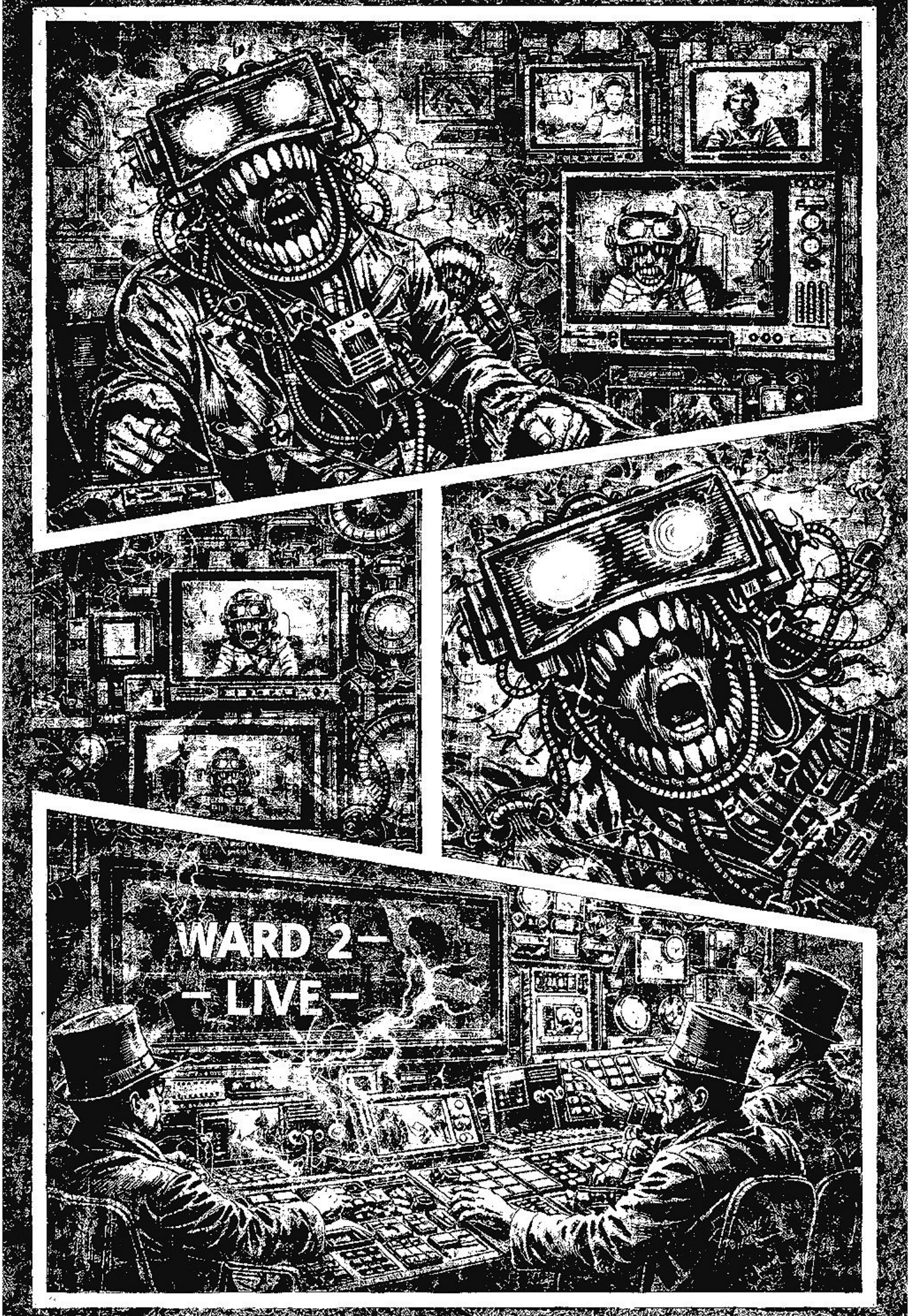

THE SIGNAL REACHED DEEPER...
...AND I WISHED I COULD CRAWL OUT OF MY HEAD!...
BUT CRANKHEAD CARED NOTHING FOR MY BODY OR MIND!...
HE REWIRED ME FROM WAVES AND GUTS!..
...AND HIS TAPE WASN'T DONE PLAYING!...


CRANKHEAD MUTATED FURTHER---
...VHS AND DARKNESS MELDED WITH HIS BONES!...
HE GREW DARKER AND GLITCHED OUT!
CHANGING INTO SOMETHING ELSE...
...NOW A GLITCHING VHS HELL-WRAITH!
...AND THE TAPE PLAYED ON.

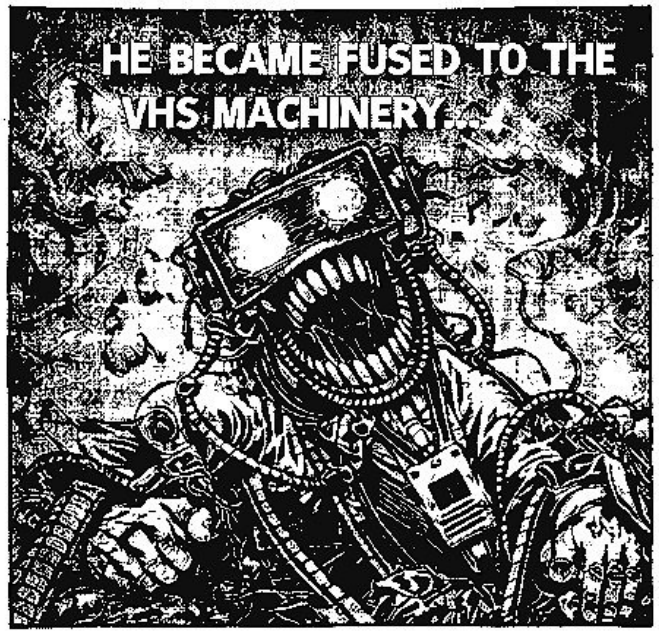
THE GLITCHES CLAWED ACROSS THE CITY!...
PEOPLE TWISTED INTO STATIC AND TAPE!
TWISTING OFF SCREEN--!
WALKING OUT OF TVs--!
.AND CRAWLING OUT OF THE DARKNESS!
.ANALOGUE MALFUNCTION SWALLOWED US ALL!...
...AND THE TAPE PLAYED ON.

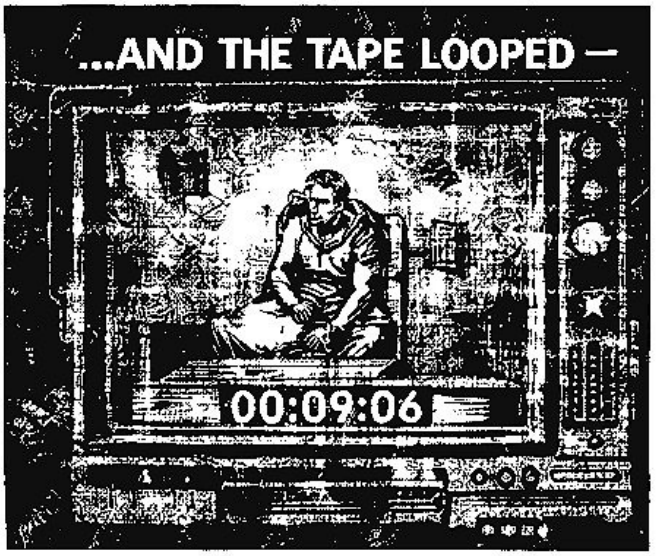
WE RAN THROUGH A NIGHTMARE CITY!...
...FOG AND STEAM SMOTHERED US AS WE FLED THE TAPES AND SHADOWS!...
CRANKHEAD CAME CLANKING AFTER US IN STEAM AND STATIC!
WE HAD NOWHERE LEFT TO RUN...
BUT THEN WE REMEMBERED
THE ENGINE THAT WOULD STOP TIME!
...WE HAD TO LOCK CRANKHEAD OUT FROM THE FUTURE!


...BODIES AND TAPES...
STUCK ON REPEAT...
BROADCAST WILL BEGIN--
NOW PLAYING
...AND THE HISTORY LOOPED BACK AROUND TO US!


WARD 2—
—LIVE—

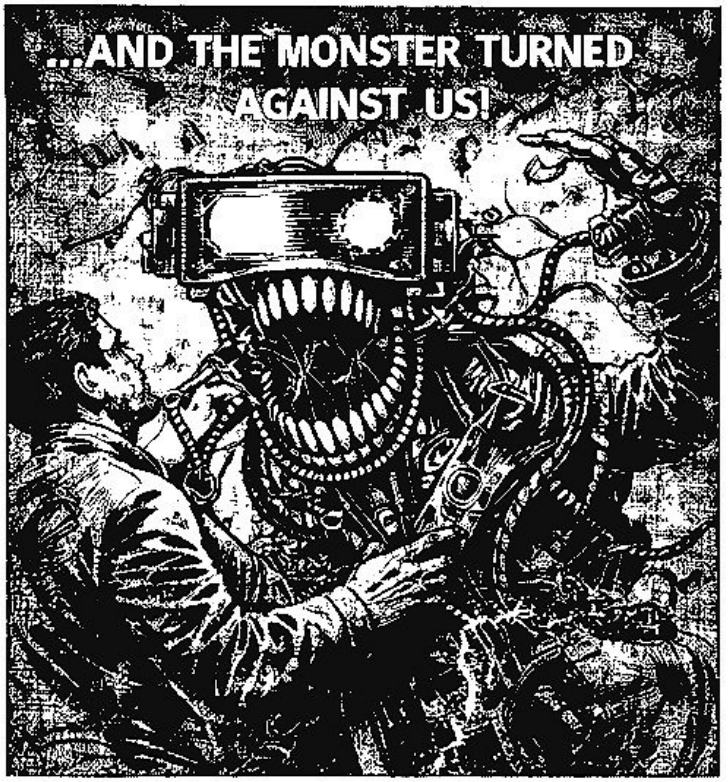
SOMEHOW ONE OF US SURVIVED...



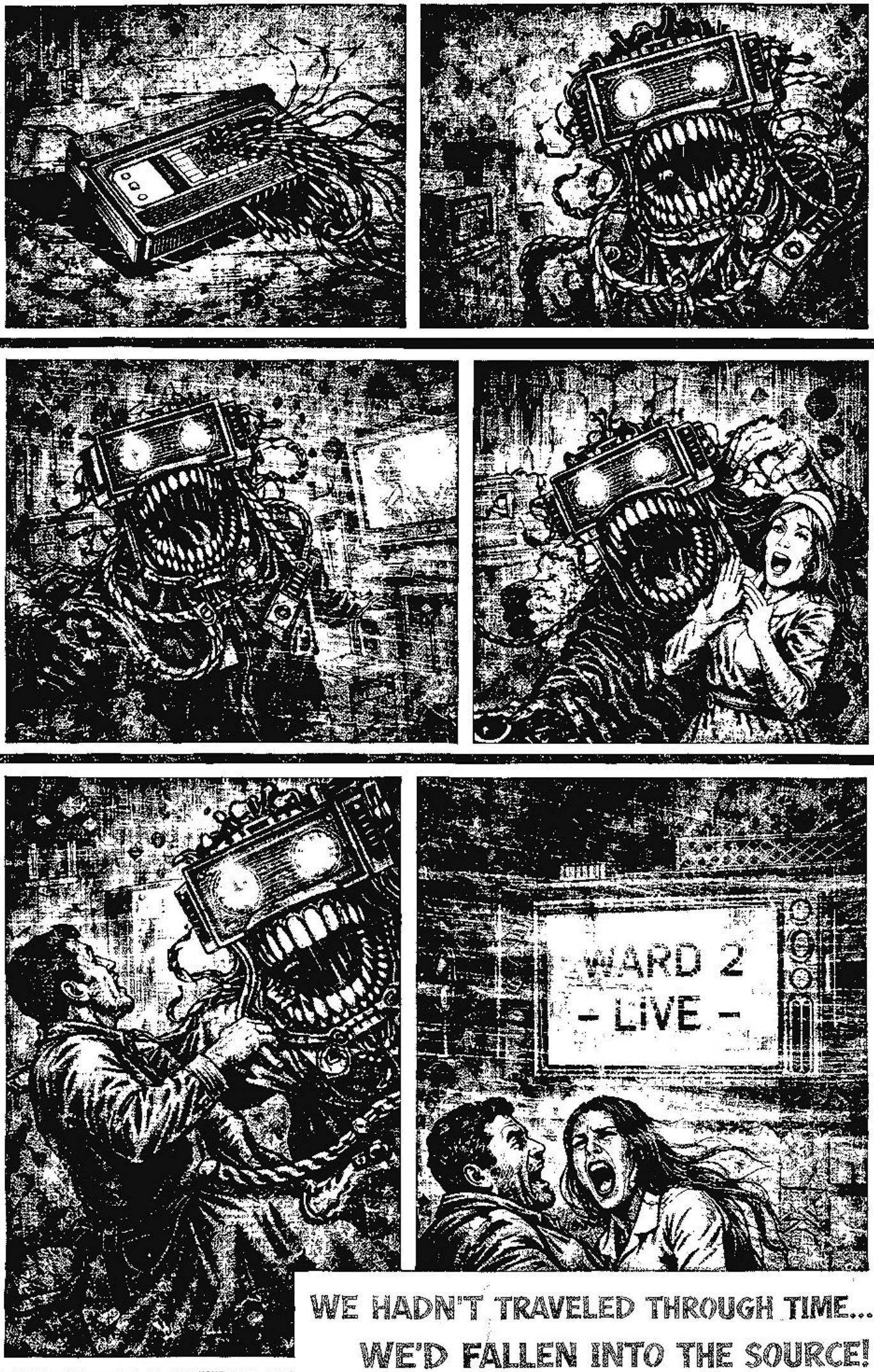


HE WAS EVERYTHING VIEWERS SAW!

WE HAD A FACE FOR OUR NIGHTMARE!

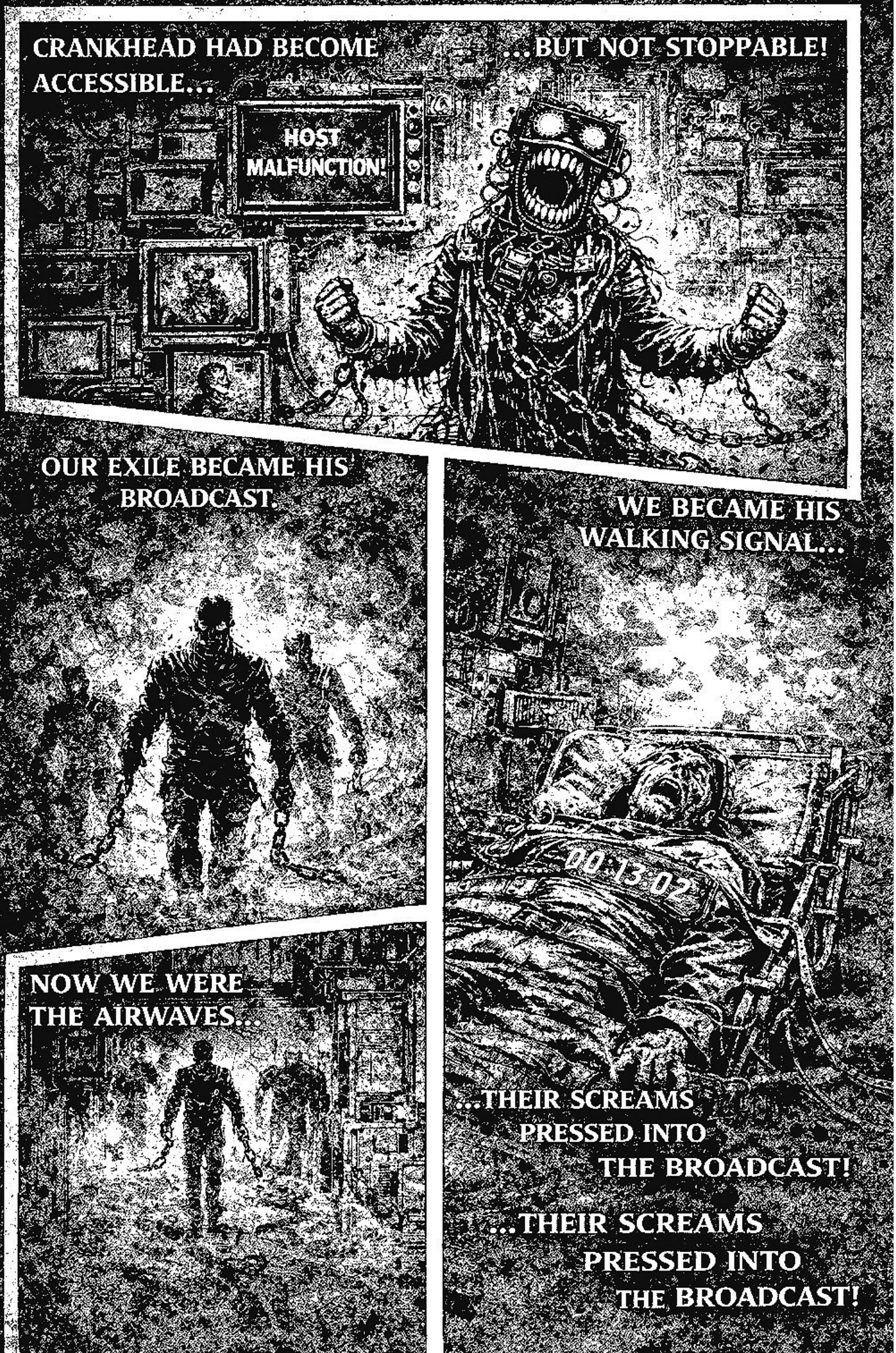


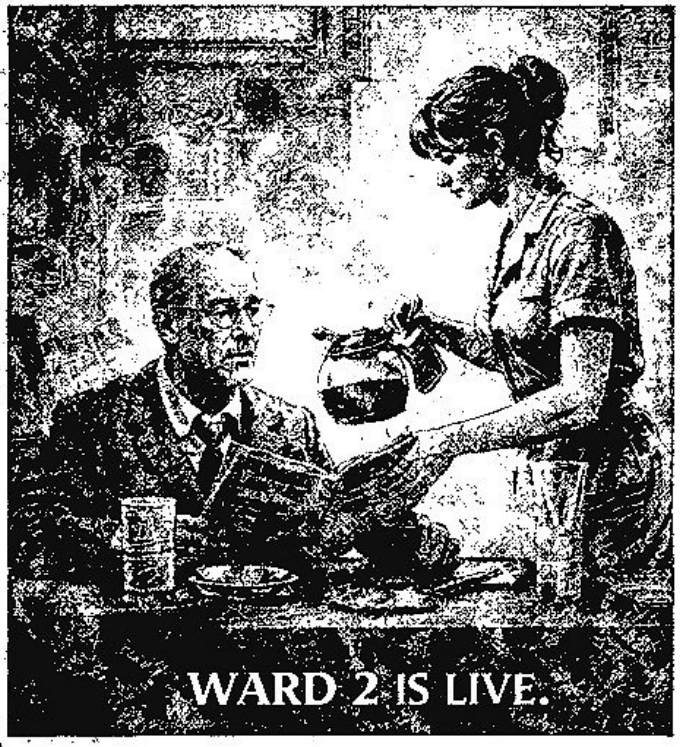
BUT THE BROADCAST CONTINUED—
WITH HIS SCREAMS AS THE STATIC!

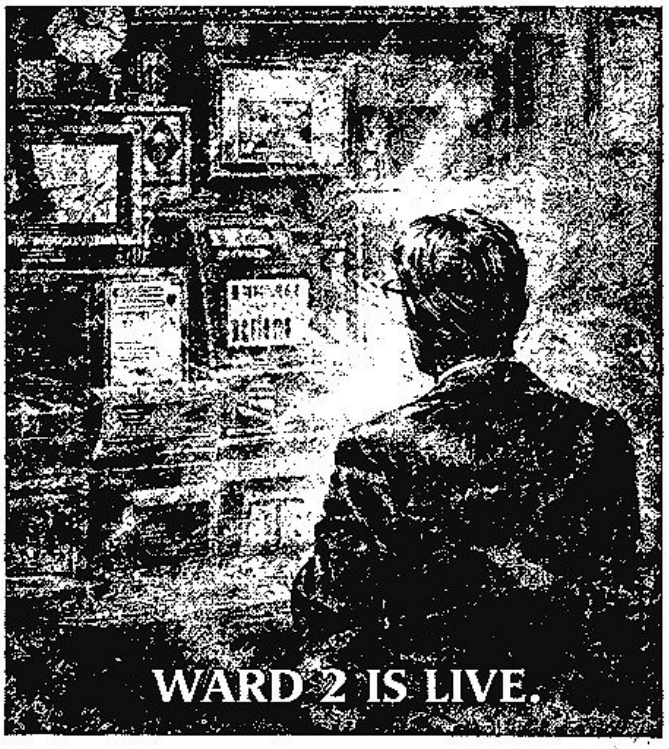

WARD 2
- LIVE -
WE HADN'T TRAVELED THROUGH TIME...
WE'D FALLEN INTO THE SOURCE!

HOST
MALFUNCTION!
LIVE

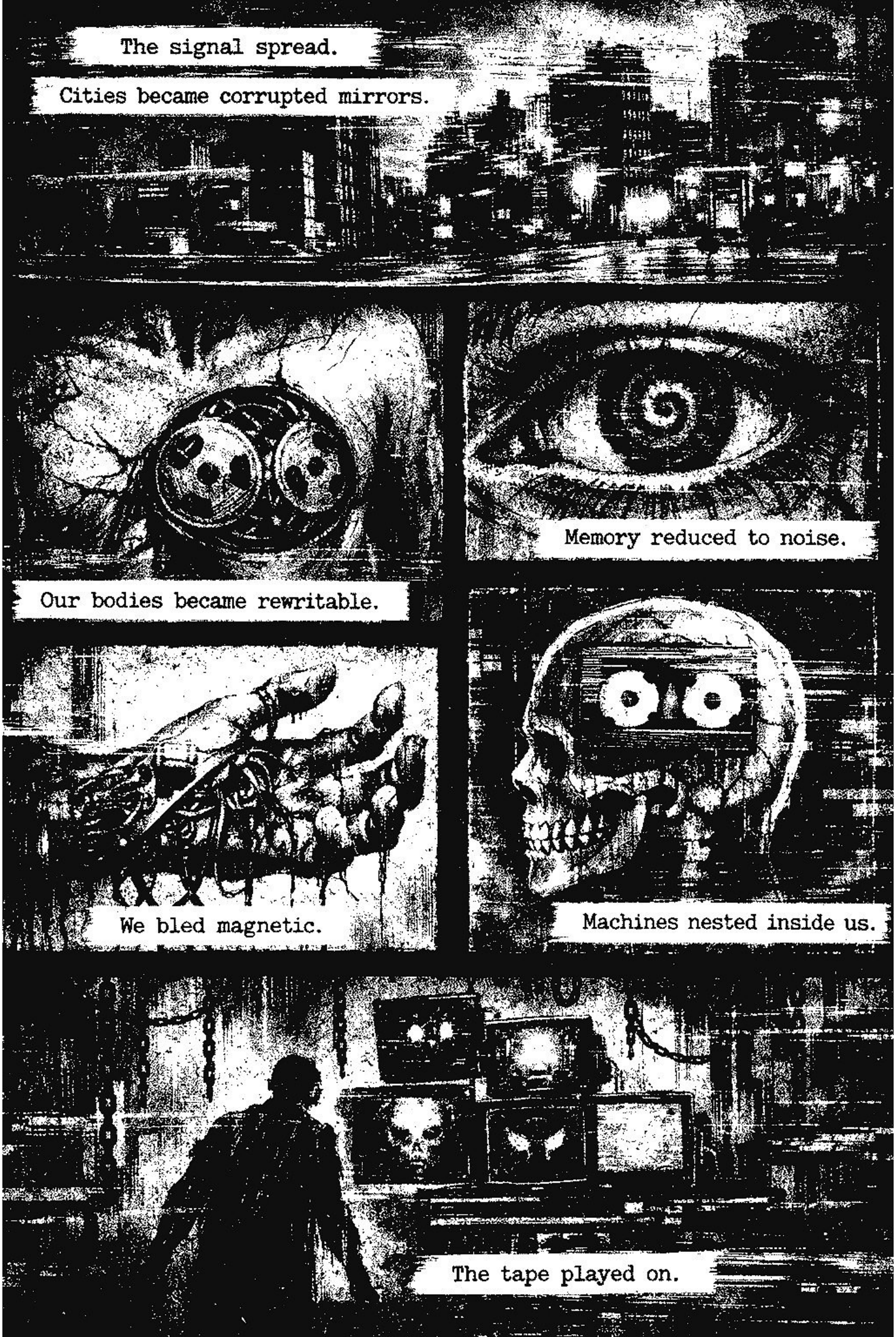
CRANKHEAD HAD GONE COMMUNICABLE...
ITS SIGNAL SPREAD THROUGH HIS TEETH!
AND THEN IT BIT INTO THEM--
...ITS MALFUNCTON CORRUPTED THEIR FLESH LIKE TAPE!
ONE DOCTOR CHOKED TO DEATH...
ANOTHER SHATTERED IN A GLITCHING GRIND!
THEIR MINDS HORRIBLY PACKED...
...THEIR SCREAMS PRESSED INTO THE BROADCAST!

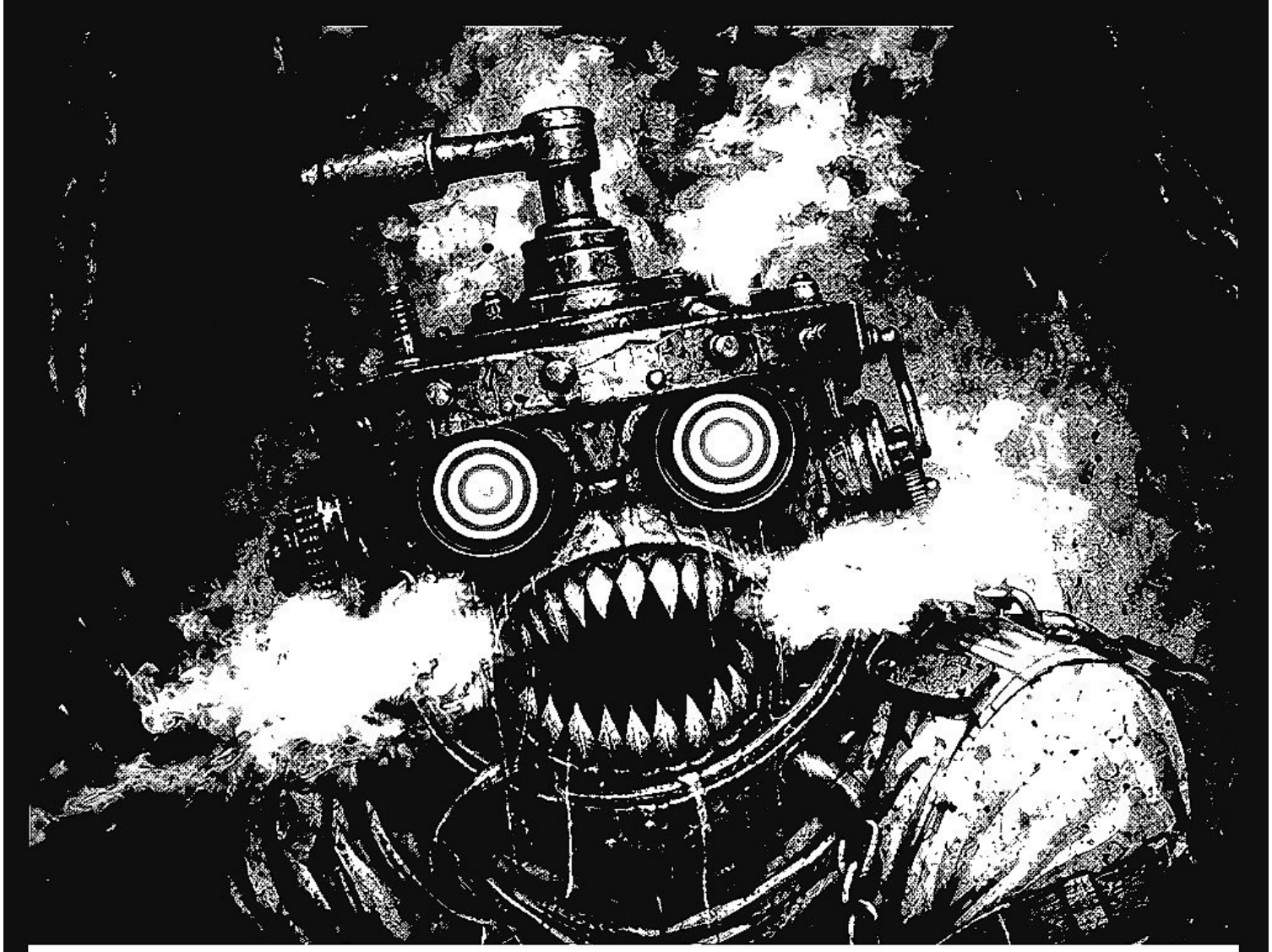

CRANKHEAD HAD BECOME ACCESSIBLE...
HOST MALFUNCTION!
...BUT NOT STOPPABLE!
OUR EXILE BECAME HIS BROADCAST.
WE BECAME HIS WALKING SIGNAL...
NOW WE WERE THE AIRWAVES...
...THEIR SCREAMS PRESSED INTO THE BROADCAST!
...THEIR SCREAMS PRESSED INTO THE BROADCAST!

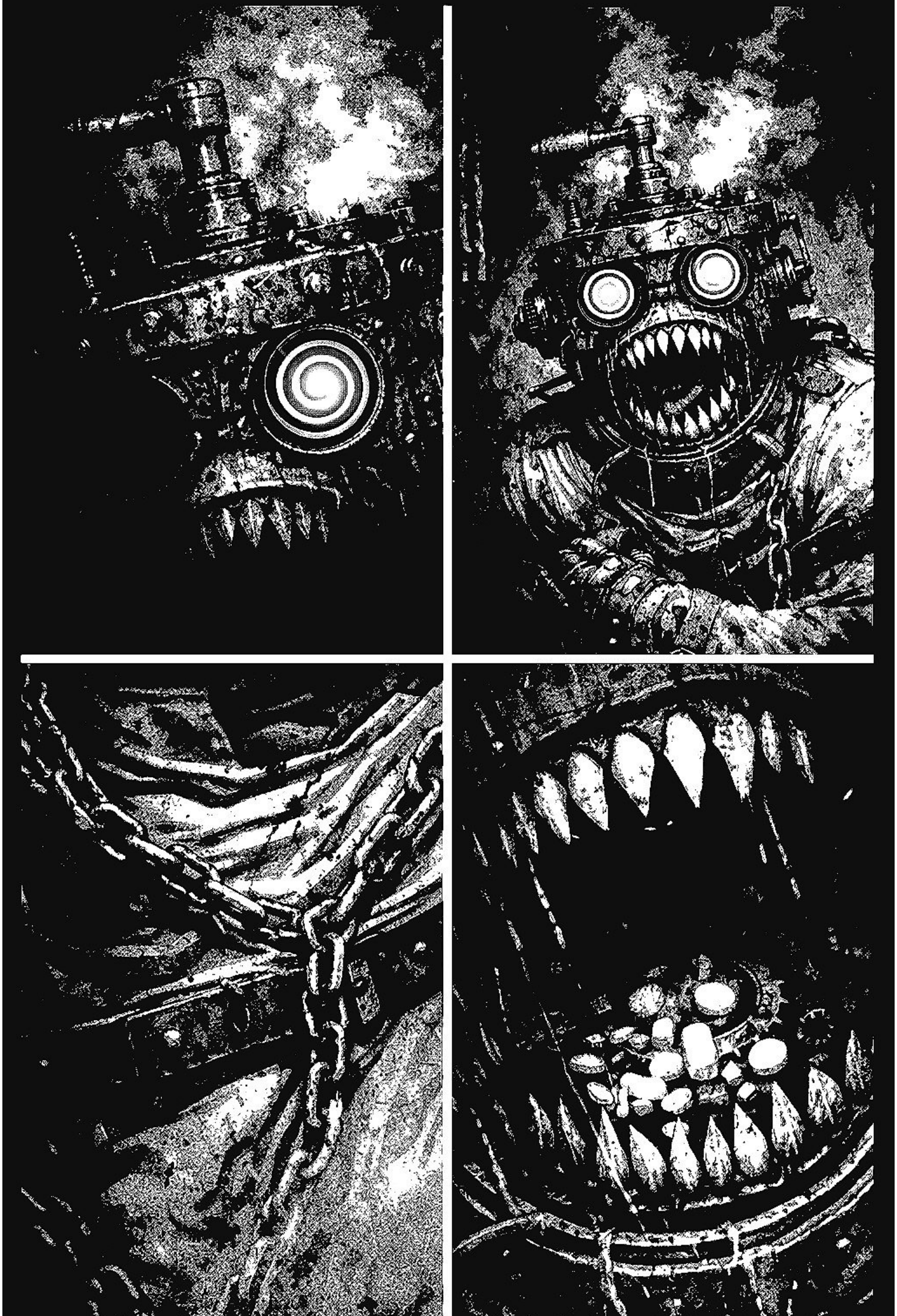


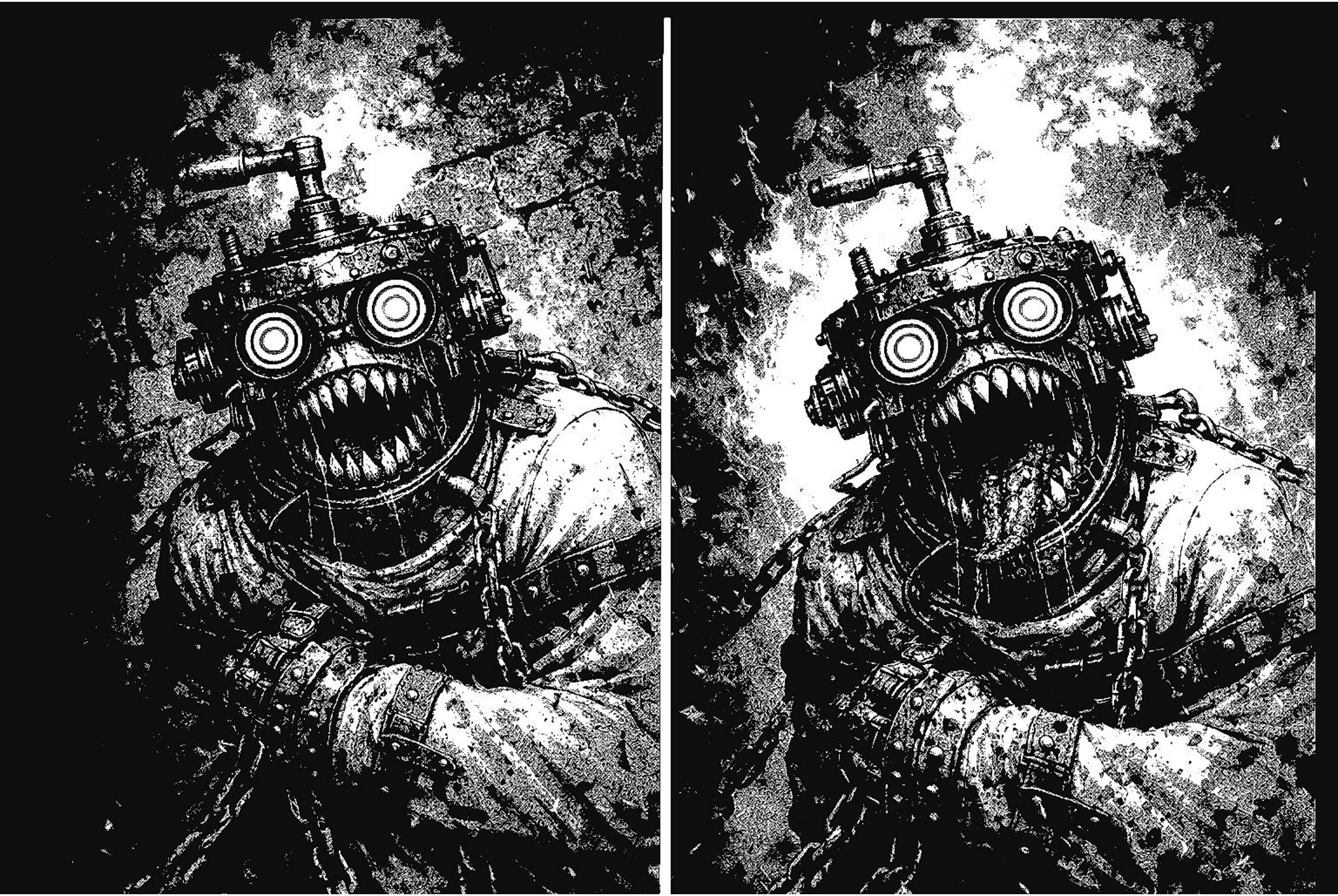


YOU'VE BEEN WATCHING LONG ENOUGH.


The signal spread.
Cities became corrupted mirrors.
Our bodies became rewritable.
Memory reduced to noise.
We bled magnetic.
Machines nested inside us.
The tape played on.







STEREO
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